A LULLABY.

The night winds sway the apple trees,
And on the garden wall
The clematis has closed its leaves,
The evening shadows fall.

I watch your winsome baby grace,
And draw you close to me,
And gaze and gaze into your face;
I love you so, my wee.

A mother bird sings on her nest,
I cannot sing to thee,
Though my dumb heart within my breast
Is filled with melody.

Oh, could I speak what's in my heart,
Half how I love you, dear,
How your soft, little lips would part,
Your eyes would glow to hear.

Would that my little one could stay.
Ah! the days when you are grown
And I shall sit in the doorway
With empty arms alone.
—Edith Stow, in Good Housekeeping.

CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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IX.—CONTINUED.

"Burns is one of the oaks, at any rate," thought Lambert, as the sergeant followed to see that all was in proper order. Ham and eggs, "soldier coffee," a can of milk, corn-bread and hardtack, were set before him with pardonable pride and Burns explained that they bought eggs, milk, and corn-bread of an old darky who came over from the village almost every day. Then Lambert bethought him of his captured pail of butter, and brought it from the tent. "This does not belong to me," he said. "It rolled out from the Walton hedge last evening. Do you know who their regular customer is?"

"I don't, sir. Yet I know McBride and others sometimes had butter—good butter too, like this. The captain doesn't buy any, and wouldn't allow the company to buy any there. Not that he cared, sir; only the old lady was so uppish and made such a row when any of our fellows were seen even talking to her people that he gave regular orders forbidding it. No one from the Walton place dare set foot inside camp, and he'll make it hot for Riggs when he gets back. Murphy is less to blame, but will have to go to Ship island all the same, I reckon."

"How are those two this morning?"

"Riggs is stupid drunk yet, but Murphy swears he'd only gone to try to get Riggs out of trouble; he'd hardly been drinking at all. He begs to see the lieutenant, sir. He says he can explain the whole thing."

And so, later that morning, after Lambert had given his men a further lesson by inspecting both company and camp and pointing out no end of things which could not, he said, be tolerated in future, Murphy was brought to his tent. His face and hands were badly cut in places, but his bruises were of little account. With the best intentions in the world, the good lady had not the strength for the trouncing the fellow had deserved at her hands. The story he told was hardly credible. Lambert could have ordered him back with sharp rebuke for his falsifications, but a glance at Burns' war-worn face, clouded and perplexed, made the young commander pause. "Do you really expect me to believe this?" he asked, and Murphy answered: "I'm ready to make oath to it before the praste, sorr."

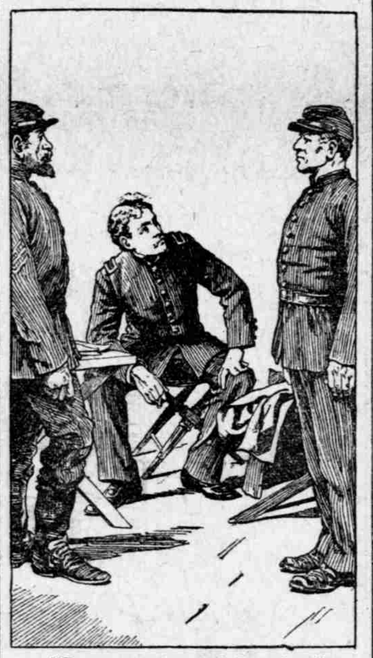
And this, in effect, was the Irishman's tale: He had known his "bunky"—Riggs—only since that worthy's enlistment in the company the previous winter, but this much of Riggs almost everybody knew; that he had been a sergeant during the war days and was serving an enlistment in the regular cavalry when deprived, for persistent drinking, of his chevrons. The troop to which he was attached had been stationed at Quitman and in this section of the south for a year or more, but was ordered to the Indian country just about the time of Riggs' discharge by expiration of term of service. Then, after a protracted spree in New Orleans, he turned up at the barracks and "took on" again in the infantry, and in the very company which, oddly enough, was so soon ordered up to the region he knew so well. Indeed, Riggs claimed when drinking to have acquaintance not only with the Walton ladies, but with some of the most prominent men in Quitman county, and frequently boasted of the good times he would have could he only get over there. Another thing about Riggs: He had twice got Murphy to go as his substitute on certain detachment or posse duty, offering as excuse that marching wore him out, yet admitting to Murphy that there were other reasons. "There are men in this section who'd shoot me on sight—get the drop on me—pick me off from the woods or fences," he had explained. Murphy believed him, and believed, too, his statement that he had powerful friends even among officers and gentlemen who had fought through the war on the southern side. "He got money when he needed it, and spent it like a gentleman," said Murphy; which, being interpreted, meant that he liberally squandered it on his comrades.

But Riggs had of late been out of money; he "couldn't hear from his friends," said Murphy, and was getting in trouble. He owed poker debts in the company and liquor debts in town. He couldn't get a drink on trust and the men were shy of playing with him; but he had always been liberal to Murphy when in funds, and Murphy stood by him now. About nine o'clock, therefore, the previous evening, he noticed that Riggs was greatly excited when an old darky came shambling in and gave him a little note. The negro had occasionally come before, and did not seem to belong either in town or at the Walton place. Riggs stole out to the road, despite Murphy's warning, and came back in ten minutes, bidding Murphy in eager whisper to be quick and come with him. It was evident even then that Riggs had had a drink or two. Murphy reminded him of the lieutenant's orders and begged him to run no risk; and then Riggs broke out and told him that, come what might, he'd simply got to go to town, and Murphy with him. He would explain when they got out of camp, but there wasn't a minute to lose; and Murphy went along, "just to keep him out of trouble." Out in the darkness a stranger joined them, gave Riggs some low-toned orders, but refused to let him have another drink. They were stealing along the road together, trying to dodge the flickering firelight, when it suddenly flared up and must have betrayed them, for a moment later they heard Burns shouting after them. Then the stranger "lept the fence" into the Walton place; Riggs darted away and ran like a streak, so he followed Riggs.

When at safe distance from camp Riggs slowed up and told what he had agreed to do. At Cohen's store was a box containing some expensive wine and cordials which had been prescribed for Mrs. Walton two weeks before by their old family physician and ordered sent from New Orleans. It was one of the sad cases common in the south in those hard times. Miss Walton, who wrote the order without her mother's knowledge, had no money to send, and the firm had none to lose. She explained that the wine was needed at once, and the money would be at hand in the course of ten days. The wine was sent, care of Cohen & Co., with instructions to collect first; and not until this night had there been money enough to pay for it. Now "a gentleman," whom Riggs knew well, had brought them help; but he himself could not go to Tugaloo because of certain past events with which he was intimately connected, and none of the Walton servants dared go, because of the tremendous stories in circulation concerning the events of the day. The gentleman had come a long distance at big risk to see the lady, Riggs declared, and must get away that night.

In this dilemma Riggs was called on for help. His chivalric nature was aroused—presumably; or possibly "the tiger had tasted blood" and needed more. Riggs had got the gentleman's last drink, and the money for more was now in his hands. But the gentleman had stipulated that a reliable man must go with him to fetch the precious packet in case Riggs "got full;" and Murphy was the man. "We got the box, sorr, an' Riggs his bottle of liquor, an' come back all right, an' we stole in there as we were bid, an' raised the cellar door, an' I carried down the box to the fut of thim slippery steps meself, for Riggs was gettin' noisy-like. An' thin we stole away, niver disturbin' anybody, sorr, only doin' the poor leddy a kindness, as we were towld. We didn't see or hear annybody. It was afther it all the throuble came."

There was pathos in Murphy's description of the "throuble." Their task



"Do you expect me to believe that?"

accomplished, Murphy sought to get Riggs to his tent, but the man had drunk just enough to be rabid for more, and in the struggle the bottle fell with the gill or two remaining and was smashed. This was indeed a catastrophe. Riggs had that fearful craze for alcohol which is satiated only when the victim lapses into drunken stupor. Murphy got him to the tent and to bed and thought he had him safe, but awoke later to find him gone—gone for more liquor; but where? None was to be had in camp, unless he broke into the captain's medical stores, which, Murphy argued, he wouldn't dare attempt with the lieutenant lying there alongside. All of a sudden it flashed over him that his wretched "bunky," after having faithfully acquitted himself of his trust before the fatal whisky-logging of his moral sense, had now stolen off in the darkness to rob the very household for whose sake, or that of the bribing liquor, he had braved punishment. Riggs had gone back for that wine.

The Irish soldier had his faults, God knows, but desertion of his fellow, even in face of torture, is not one of them. Murphy stole away, hoping it was not too late to recapture Riggs, and came upon him, just as he feared, tugging at something at the foot of those dark and slippery steps. Then came a struggle that, after at last he had borne his fiercely battling comrade up into the night, left Murphy breathless and exhausted. And then came the rain of blows that toppled him, crashing, into the ruin of the hot-bed.

"She came upon me that sudden and furious-like, sorr, I couldn't explain; an' it was tryin' to pacifieate her I was, backin' off, an' niver see the hot-bed behind me for the hot batin' I was gettin' afront. An' thin whin she had me down on the flat of me back, an' graspin' at thim glass works, poor Riggs, niver knowin' what he was doin', sorr, only to help me, grappled with the ould lady for the purpose of expostulatin', an' thin that naygur wench run screechin' into the house, an' the young lady came shriekin' to the windy, an' the stranger—the gentleman—lept to the side door, an' I a-callin' to him to come an' square me an' Riggs, whom he got into the scrape, an' there was more screamin', an, he niver so much as axed to shpake, but run fur his life when the lieutenant jumped in an' batthered Riggs, who was only askin' a chance to explain."

"Do you expect me to believe that any gentleman stood there and saw Riggs grapple that poor old lady and never raised hand to stop it?" asked Lambert, almost angrily.

"It's God's thruth, sorr. He was makin' motions, crazy-like, but he niver came outside that doorway until he saw the lieutenant, an' then the lamp wint out, wid him a-runnin'."

The lieutenant pondered a moment. Had Sergt. Burns ventured on an expression of doubt, the interview would have come to an end at once, with Murphy in disgrace; but Burns looked full of honest perplexity, and yet belief.

"You ought to have had sense enough to know I should be glad to send to town for anything Mrs. Walton needed," said Lambert. "Why didn't Riggs ask permission?—or why didn't you?"

Murphy was certainly frank. "Sure we both knew it would be anybody but Riggs the lieutenant would send. We were guilty enough of going to town without permission, an' drinkin'; but it was charity, not thavin', sorr, that we entered the garden for."

"You may send Murphy back, sergeant. We'll have to hold him until Riggs can tell his story. Of course," said Lambert, as the Irishman was led away, "if there's anything in this story about the stranger, it helps their case materially. There was certainly something queer about the agitated words Mrs. Walton used just before we came away—words about their testimony and preventing court-martial. You heard, did you not?"

"Yes, sir—a little, anyway."

"Can you imagine who the man is, or account for his strange behavior?"

"I can't sir. It might have been one of those three or four that Mr. Parmelee hauled in—one of the Potts crowd; but the idea of his standing back and letting the old lady have that tussle all to herself! That couldn't happen, sir, north or south, unless—" And Burns stopped short.

"Unless what?"

"Well, sir, unless there were reasons he daren't let her know he was there."

X.

At noon that Sunday it began to rain, adding to the gloom of Lambert's surroundings, and he sat listening to the steady downpour drumming on the tautened canvas of his tent, thinking of the odd contrasts brought about by army life. This was his first Sunday with his company, and in every possible way it was about as unlike every Sunday of his previous life as it well could be. He was trying to write to the mother far away on the peaceful banks of the Merrimac, where the rolling hills were by this time wearing their early mantle of snow, and old and young, farmhands and mill hands, a reverent populace, had obeyed the summons of the solemn bells that found no echo among these dripping woods, these desolate fields.

At intervals during the moist and chilly morning little squads of negroes had hung about the westward end of camp. Something of the events of the previous night had been put in circulation with the dawn, and, growing as it rolled, had attained huge proportions by the time it reached the outlying plantations five and ten miles away. This, coupled with the tremendous story of the jail delivery at Tugaloo, had been sufficient to draw the bolder of their number towards that center of interest, the Yankee camp—though farther they dared not go. At times there would be some rude soldier chaff between the men at the guard tent and these curious visitors; and no matter how poor the wit, it never failed of its reward of abundant guffaw. The southern negro needs no visit to the Blarney stone; his flattery is spontaneous.

When Lambert had finished his conference with Burns, and, as in duty bound, went over to the Walton place to inquire how its chatelaine had passed the night, he marched forth through a little congregation of shining black faces and obsequious and tattered forms, and had to run the gauntlet of a chorus of personal remarks, all in high degree complimentary, as to the style and fit of his uniform, as well as his general appearance. In less than five minutes he returned, but with such chagrin at heart that it must have been reflected in his youthful face. Serene in the consciousness that he was doing a perfectly conventional and proper thing, he had bounded lightly up the broad wooden steps and knocked at the door. It was opened almost instantly by the colored girl whom he had seen the night before and heard apostrophized as "You Elinor." The eager expression in her eyes gave way at once to something of disappointment and certainly of doubt.

"I thought—I thought it was Mars'r Potts, suh," she stammered. "I—I don't reckon the ladies can see you."

"Will you say to Miss Walton that Mr. Lambert—Lieut. Lambert, if you choose—has called to inquire how Mrs. Walton is to-day, and that, if possible, he would be glad to speak with Miss Walton a moment?"

Elinor stood peering through about one foot of gap, the door she had so promptly thrown wide open having been as promptly closed to that limit. Lambert could not but hear other doors opening within—could almost swear he heard the swish of feminine skirts, the whisper of feminine voices, low and eager. The fact that the girl stood there, barring the entrance and apparently afraid to go, added to his theory that she was being prompted from behind.

"Ah dunno, suh. Ah'll see," she said at last, slow and irresolute. "What, mum?" she continued, involuntarily, an instant later, turning her turbaned head towards some invisible presence in the hall beyond; and that settled the matter in Lambert's mind.

"Ye-assum," and slowly now the yellow-brown face returned to light. "Mis' Esther ain't very well, suh, an' she says—er rather—Mis' Walton sends her compliments to the gentleman and begs he'll 'scuse her. Dey don't need nuffin'," she continued, in her own interpretation of messages telegraphed from the dark interior: "Ye-assum. Mis' Walton rested very well, considerin', an's all right to-day, but she don't want nuffin', suh."

"I had hoped to be able to see Mrs. Walton, if she were well enough, or else Miss Walton," said Lambert, firmly, intending that his words should be their own interpreter at the court within. "There are matters of importance on which I desire to speak."

Again, Elinor, mute and irresolute, turned to her unseen mentor. There was evidently a moment of conference. Then the girl was suddenly swept aside, the door was thrown wide open and there, while other and younger forms seemed to scurry away from both sight and hearing, there with a gray shawl thrown over her shoulders, calm and dignified, her silvery hair fluttering about her temples, and the lines of care seeming even deeper in the sad, clear-cut face, stood Mrs. Walton, leaning on the stout cane which had dealt such trenchant blows the night before. With a voice that trembled just a trifle despite her effort at control, she slowly spoke:

"You mean to be courteous, sir, in your inquiry, and for this I beg to thank you—to renew my thanks for your prompt service of last night. But now may I say, once for all, that we need, and can accept, no further assistance; and, if you are sincere in your desire to be courteous, you will not again seek to enter my door."

Lambert flushed to his very brows.

"It is a more important matter than you have perhaps thought, Mrs. Walton, that has made me ask to see you. One of the men who broke in here last night—"

"I know what you would say," she promptly, firmly interposed, again uplifting, with that almost imperious gesture, the fragile white hand. "I am framing a letter to be delivered to your commander upon his return to-night—upon his return," she quickly corrected herself. "It will cover the case so far as we are concerned. Meantime I beg to be excused from further allusion to it." And the stately inclination with which she accompanied the words was unquestionably a dismissal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUICIDE IN A DREAM.

Thought He Was Cutting His Throat—Awoke and Found He Was.

Do you dream when you sleep?

If you do there is no absolute certainty that you will not awake some night to find yourself committing suicide.

The thing has been done. The recent records of the North London police court have chronicle of a case which probably cannot be duplicated in any police court record in the world.

There is a man named William Illman, 25 years old, a packing-case-maker, "of Florence road, Hornsey." William had been drinking and went home to sleep off the effects of his potations. In the middle of the night his father was awakened by the cry:

"Father! Father!" The old man rushed into his son's room, and found William diligently cutting his throat with a razor.

In the court young Illman offered an explanation which was interesting. "I did not intend to commit suicide at all," he said. "I had been drinking very freely, and I suppose it excited my nerves.

"In the midst of my sleep I dreamed that I was cutting my throat. It seemed to me that I was very tough and did not cut easily. I kept sawing away, however, and by and by I awoke to find that in fact, I was killing myself as rapidly as possible. A man is not responsible for what he does in his sleep. I had no more intention of taking my own life than your honor has, and when I awoke and discovered that I was doing it, I called my father to come and stop me."

The judge said that Illman was the most remarkable man who had ever come before him and gave him some salutary advice on the evils of the drink habit.—N. Y. Journal.

Penalty of Ambition.

The man was covered with mud and his clothes were torn. There were some bad pustules on his face, one eye was closed and he limped.

Of course, everyone who saw him attributed it to liquor. Everyone always does when a man seems a little dazed. But when the good Samaritan came alongside, took him by the arm and tried to straighten him out he stoutly asserted that everyone was wrong.

"It's ambition," he said.

"Ambition!" exclaimed the good Samaritan. "How in the world could ambition put you in this distressing plight?"

"Oh, I was anxious to push ahead, you know."

"Well?"

"And when my bicycle stopped unexpectedly I pushed ahead for about half a block."—Chicago Post.

Proved Every Day.

"Men are the only ones who have any modesty or sense of shame left," he said thoughtfully, as he watched the bloomer girl go past.

"I wish you'd tell me how they show it, then," she retorted hotly. "They're the ones that go crazy over living pictures."

"Oh, yes," he admitted, "but they hesitate to associate with the girls in them—at least in public—and I notice they appear to have the same feeling in regard to the bloomer girls. If you will spend an afternoon in the park you will find that the man who consents to go riding with a bloomer girl invariably lags behind and tries to look as if he had no interest in her."—Chicago Post.

THAT LYNCHING.

Gov. Bushnell Expresses His Views on the Matter.

Urbana's Mayor Says the Governor and Troops Were in No Way to Blame—Body of Click Mitchell a White Elephant on the Authorities.

COLUMBUS, O., June 7.—Gov. Bushnell was asked by the Associated Press what, if anything he desired to say, about the lynching of a Negro at the Urbana jail. He said in effect, that a sheriff, by the laws of Ohio, has power to call on state troops in his county to protect persons and property. The law of Ohio is peculiar in this respect. The sheriff at Urbana called the local company into service. I was at Wooster. Word came to me at 11:15 p. m., Thursday, of the pending trouble. I was at a banquet of the Sons of Veterans. It took the messenger 20 minutes to find me. The word was from Capt. Leonard, in command of the Urbana company of state troops at the jail in which the Negro was imprisoned and whose life was threatened. Capt. Leonard said the sheriff said he wanted help. The governor said he did not look upon the message of Capt. Leonard as being from the proper source. The telephone people at Wooster were in bed. They were secured by 11:45 p. m. I got Sheriff McLain at Urbana by telephone. He told me he had 40 men. I told him he ought to be able to protect the prisoner and property with 40 men. (I have since learned he had 55 men.) He said he would do the best he could, but public sentiment was dead against him. I said he had nothing to do with public sentiment. His duty was to obey the law. He did not ask for help. I left the telephone office at midnight.

The shooting by the Urbana company occurred after that conversation.

At 3 a. m. a message came from Sheriff McLain saying his force was inadequate and for me to send help. I immediately telephoned Capt. Bradbury, company B, Third Ohio infantry, Springfield, to report with his company to Sheriff McLlain at Urbana. At the same time I telephoned Sheriff McLain that Capt. Bradbury would report to him.

Capt. Bradbury arrived at Urbana at or before 7 a. m. Col. Anthony, of the Third Ohio infantry, to which is attached the Springfield and Urbana companies, says Sheriff McLain told him that Capt. Bradbury, of Springfield, reported to and talked with him (the sheriff), and was directed by the sheriff to return to the train, or to Springfield, and the Springfield troops did return to the train.

The lynching occurred not more than 30 minutes later, according to the best information at the governor's office.

Capt. Bradbury said by telephone to the adjutant general's office here that when he was ordered by the sheriff to return to the train he sat in the presence of the sheriff as long as he could consistantly and then retired.

The governor said the sheriff did not inform him of the existing trouble until it had reached a climax, although the thing had been brewing several days. He has been assured by all classes of people in Uurbana that he did all that could have been done under the circumstances.

Adj't Gen. Axline, who was present at the interview Saturday, said that the mayor of Urbana telephoned him that the "governor and troops were in no way to blame, they did all they could, if there is anyone to blame it is myself and the sheriff, and as far as I am concerned I am willing to take my share of the blame."

The mayor further said there was ample provocation for the firing of the militia at 2:30 and he did not blame them for doing their duty. The sheriff, he said, did not manage things right and did not seem to appreciate the gravity of the situation until it was too late to avoid the lynching without an "awful slaughter of human life."

The body "Click" Mitchell, the rapist, who was the cause of all the trouble, is an elephant on the hands of the city. Mitchell's body, being unclaimed by relatives, was dumped into Undertaker Humphrey's wagon late in the afternoon and driven hurriedly away among the jeers of the crowd to his establishment under the supposition that a Dr. Myers, who proved to be from Springfieled, would take it. But upon arrival and consultation, he decided not to. It developed that he did not represent one of the Columbus medical colleges, as supposed, but an embalming school, and he wanted the body for demonstration purposes. Accordingly the body was secreted for the night and further efforts made to find somebody to accept it. It became necessary for the authorities to maintain great secrecy as to the place of concealment in order to prevent the mob from wreaking vengeance on the remains. Threats of getting the body and burning it were freely made.

Before being removed from the courthouse yard relic hunters had nearly cut the coat off the dead man. Every button was gone and even his shoes and stockings were taken off and carried away.

The sheriff denies responsibility for the shooting and so does the captain. On the other hand the citizens assert that the sheriff himself fired the first shot.

Found Dead in a Bath Tub.

ST. LOUIS, June 7.—Thomas W. Booth, ex-president of the Merchants exchange, president of the J. W. Booth Commission Co., and one of the best known men of St. Louis, was found dead in the bath tub at his residence by his wife Sunday. He had been suffering from a complication of diseases.

Crushed Under Tons of Slate.

BRAZIL, Ind., June 7.—Sam Switz and son were seriously, if not fatally injured in the No. 1 mine of the Brazil Block Coal Co., by the roof falling on them and crushing them under tons of slate. Switz was terribly crushed.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Canadian Pacific directors have announced that they will resume payment of the four per cent. dividend which was paid up to two years ago.

The steamship Lucania, sailing for Europe Saturday, carried 550,000 ounces of silver consigned by J. & W. Seligman & Co., M. Guggenheim's Sons, Handy & Harman and Keisler & Co.

Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco, has approved the order of the board of supervisors prohibiting the wearing of high hats in theaters, and the order, which is now a law, will be rigidly enforced.

At Friday mornings session of the American Medical association, Denver was selected as the next place of meeting and Dr. George M. Sternbery, of Washington, was chosen president of the association.

It is reported that the aldermen of Dublin, at their coming meeting, will elect Mr. John Redmond, the Parnellite leader and member of parliament for Waterford City, to the office of lord mayor of Dublin.

Senator Pettigrew Thursday gave notice of an amendment he will offer to the paragraph in the tariff bill relating to iron ore. The amendment takes sulphuret of iron from the free list and imposes a duty of $2.25 per ton.

It is announced that the date of M. Faure's departure for St. Petersburg to pay a return official visit to the czar has been definitely fixed for July 25. He will travel by sea and will be accompanied by M. Hanotaux, minister of the foreign affairs.

It has been discovered that pieces have been chipped off some ancient graves in the old Granary burying ground in Boston. The stones over the graves of Paul Revere, John Hancock and Gov. Increase Sumner all show marks of vandalism.

Senor Sagasta, the liberal leader, after conferring with the queen regent at the palace Friday, said he had told her majesty that the liberals were prepared to deal with all pending questions. Public opinion continues to favor a Sagasta cabinet.

There are 197 business failures reported throughout the United States for the week ending June 4, a sharp falling off from last week, when the total was 257. The total one year and two years ago was 236 in each instance, and in the like week in 1894 it was 202.

At Birmingham, Ala., the official average temperature Wednesday was 82. The temperature for morning, noon and evening was: 8 a. m., 80; noon, 91; 7 p. m., 86. The heat was so intense that the Birmingham rolling mills were forced to shut down for the night.

The executive committee of the American Coursing club has added the American coursing derby for first season greyhounds to the programme of the American Waterloo Cup meeting, to be run at Davenport, Ia., in October. It is a thousand dollar stake at $25 entrance.

President McKinley and party, who went to Philadelphia Wednesday to attend the formal opening of the International Commercial conference, returned to Washington Thursday morning. The train, composed of six cars, pulled out of the Broad Street station at 10:40 o'clock.

Forty ringleaders of the San Quentin strike have been sentenced to solitary confinement on bread and water for one month. The allowance of tobacco and possibly sugar and syrup to the others will be cut off at least a year, saving $20,000 to the state. The money will be used to pay for ten extra guards.

On the authority of General Superintendent Lawall it is announced that commencing July 1 all the mines of the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal Co. will work full time. It is expected that full time will continue until December 1. The Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal Co. employs nearly 8,000 men and boys.

The French government has submitted to the powers proposals on the subject of Cretan autonomy. They comprise the enrollment of a foreign gendarmie and a loan to pay the gendarmie and provide for the initial expenses for the administration of the island of Crete. Russia supports these proposals, and it is believed Great Britain also favors them.

A special to the New York Tribune from Washington, says: The sultan of Turkey has withdrawn his objection to the appointment of James B. Angell as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States at Constantinople. Official word to this effect was received by cable by Secretary Sherman, Minister Terrell sending the information.

President McKinley with a large party left Washington at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning for Philadelphia where they are to take part in the exercises connected with the opening of the International Commercial congress and other functions. The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. had provided a handsome special train, composed of six cars, for the accommodation of the party.

A special from Roanoke, Va., says: The effect of the recent earthquake is said to have been very demoralizing on the people of Giles county, many of whom are preparing to make their homes elsewhere. Angel mountain is said to be badly cracked and nearly all the water has been drained out of Mountain lake. It is also said that the salt wells at Saltville, Symthe county, have dried up.

The New York Herald's correspondent in Rio Janeiro, Brazil, telegraphs that reports of a serious nature as to the federal troops engaged against the fanatics come from Bahia. According to these advices some of the battalions at Canudas have deserted and joined the standard of Conselheiro.

A banquet is to be given at the Windsor hotel, Montreal, on June 21, in the evening, in honor of the queen's diamond jubilee, and invitations have been issued through the mayor to ex-Presidents Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison to attend. It is expected that the former, at least, will be able to accept the invitation.